His weary joynts would gladly riſe, I know,
Our knees ſhall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſy,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integrity:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let him have
That mercy which true prayers ovght to have.
Bul. Good Aunt ſtand up.
Dut. Nay, doe not ſay ſtand up.
But pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand up.
And if I were thy Nurſe thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's ſo meet.
Yor. Speake it in French, (King) ſay, *Pardon'ne moy.*
Dut. Doſt thou teach pardon, Pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet'ſt the word it ſelfe, againſt the word.
Speake pardon as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we doe not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there;
Or in thy pittious heart, plant thou thine eare.
That hearing how your plaints and prayers doe pearce,
Pitty may move thee, pardon to rehearſe.
Bul. Good Aunt ſtand up.
Dut. I doe not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.
Bul. I pardon him as heaven ſhall pardon me,
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ſicke for feare, ſpeake it againe,
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Bul. I pardon him with all my heart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
Bul. But for our truſty brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dogge them at the heeles.

Good

Good Vncle helpe to order ſever
To Oxford, or where ere theſe tra
They ſhall not live within this wo
But I will have them if I once kn
Vncle farewell, and Coſin too a
Your mother well hath pray'd, a
Dut. Come my old ſon, I pray h
Enter Exton, and Ser
Ex. Didſt thou not marke the Kin
Have I no friend will rid me of t
Was it not ſo?
Ser. Thoſe were his words.
Ex. Have I no friend (quoth he
And urg'd it twice together did
Ser. He did.
Ex. And ſpeaking it he wiſtly
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou
That would divorce this terror fr
Meaning the King at Pomfret: C
I am the King friend, and will r

Scæna Qua

Enter Richard
Rich. I have beene ſtudying h
This Priſon where I live, unto th
And for becauſe the world is p
And here is not a creature, but
I cannot doe it: yet ile hammer
My braine, ile prove the female
My ſoule, the Father: and theſe
A generation of ſtill breeding th
And theſe ſame thoughts, peop
In humors like the people of t
For no thought is contented. T

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